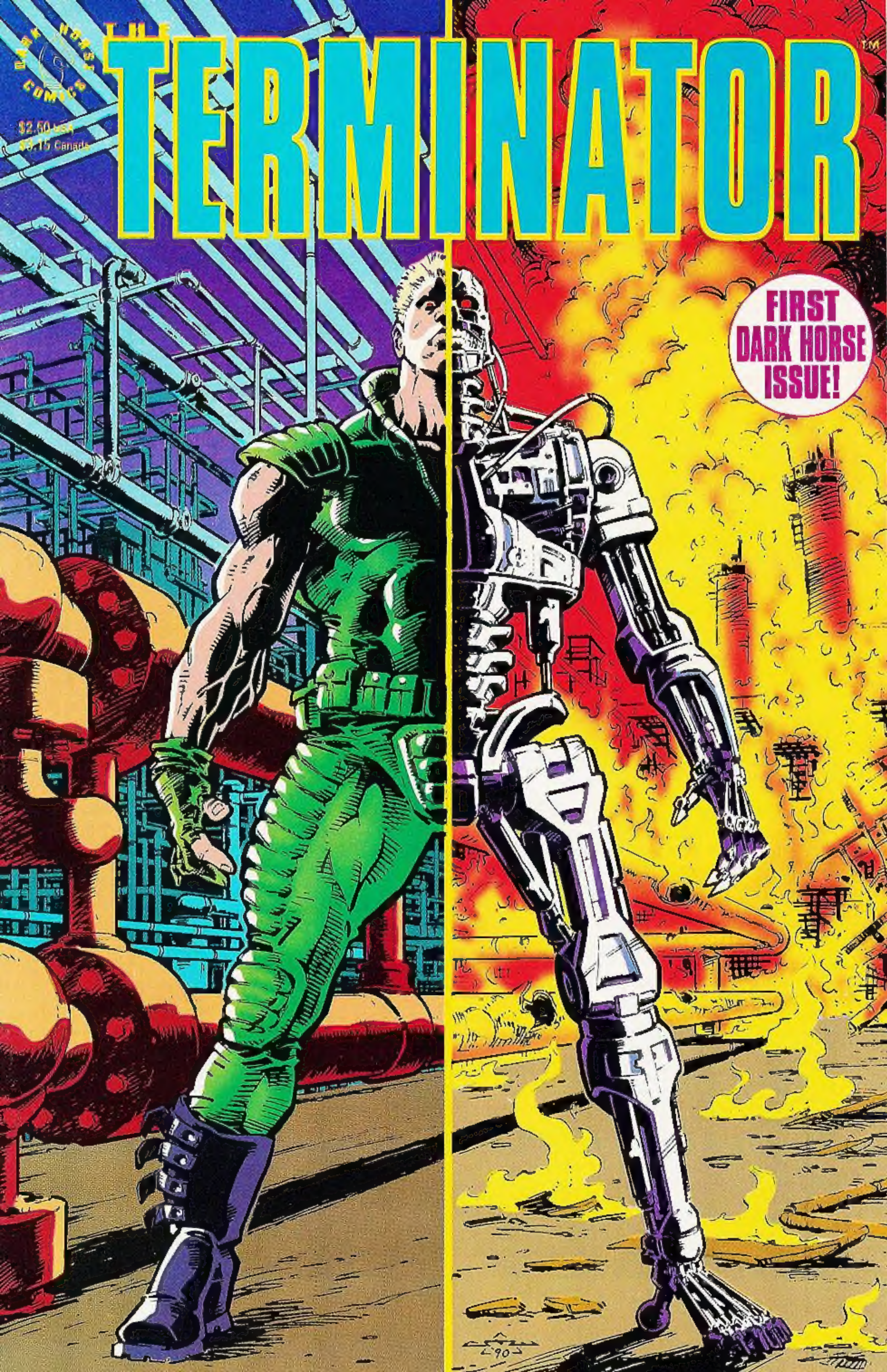
DARK HORSE COMICS
THE TERMINATOR™
$2.50 USA
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FIRST DARK HORSE ISSUE!

THE TERMINATOR™: TEMPEST

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Chris Warner • penciller

Paul Guinan • inker

Karen Casey-Smith • letterer

Chris Chalenor • colorist

Diana Schutz • editor

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Randy Stradley • executive editor

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Jack Pollock, Monty Sheldon • production

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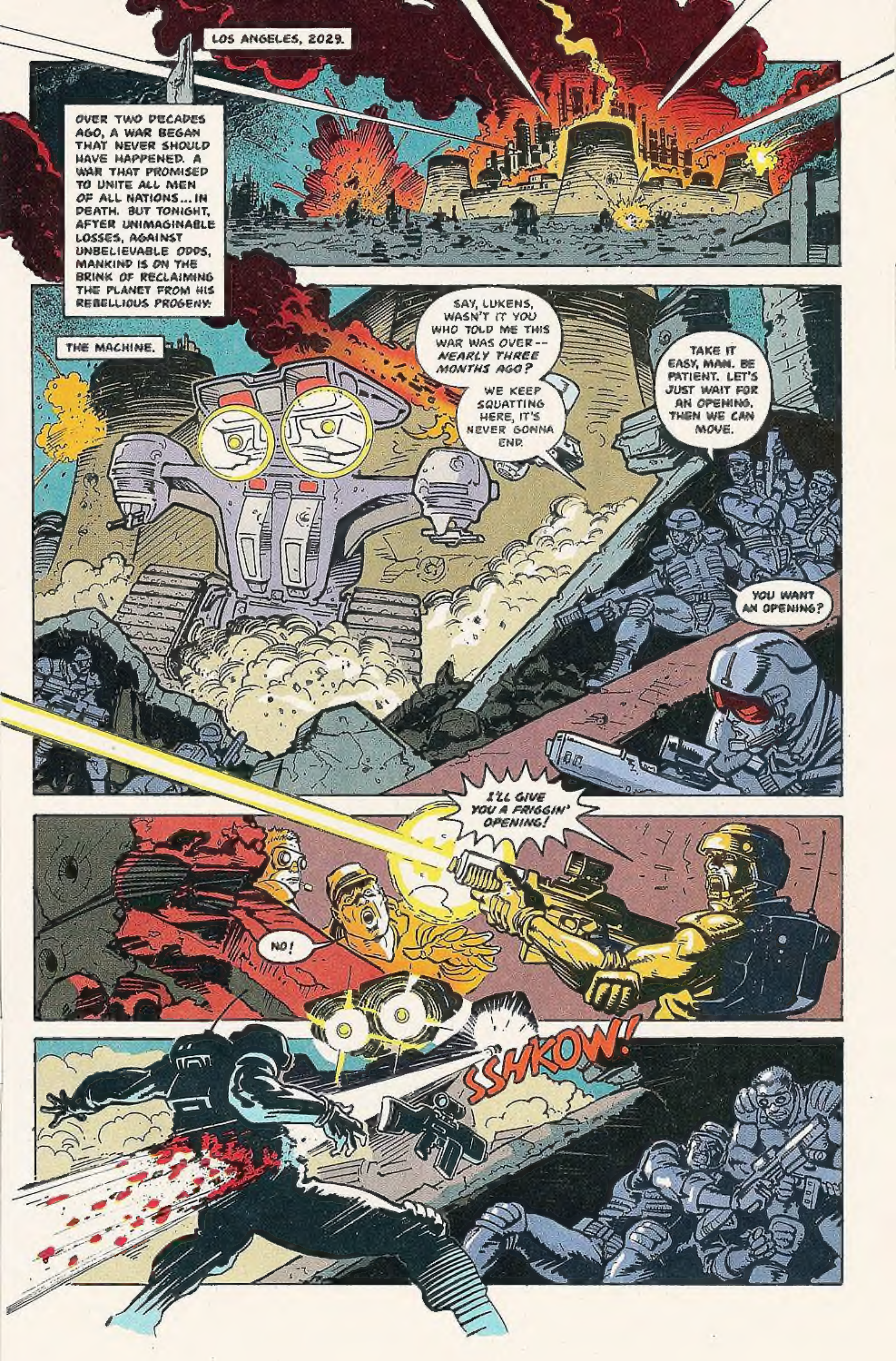
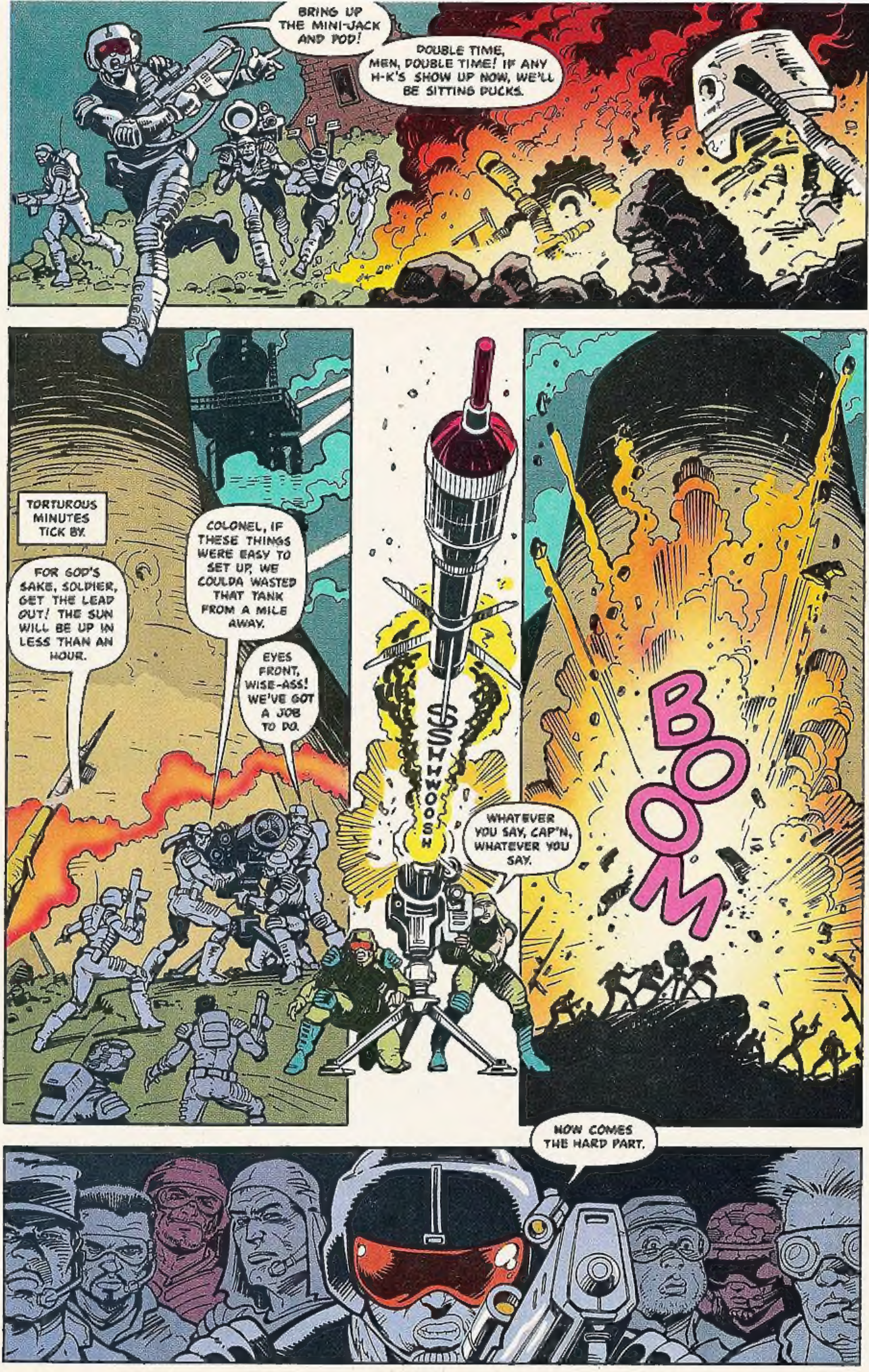
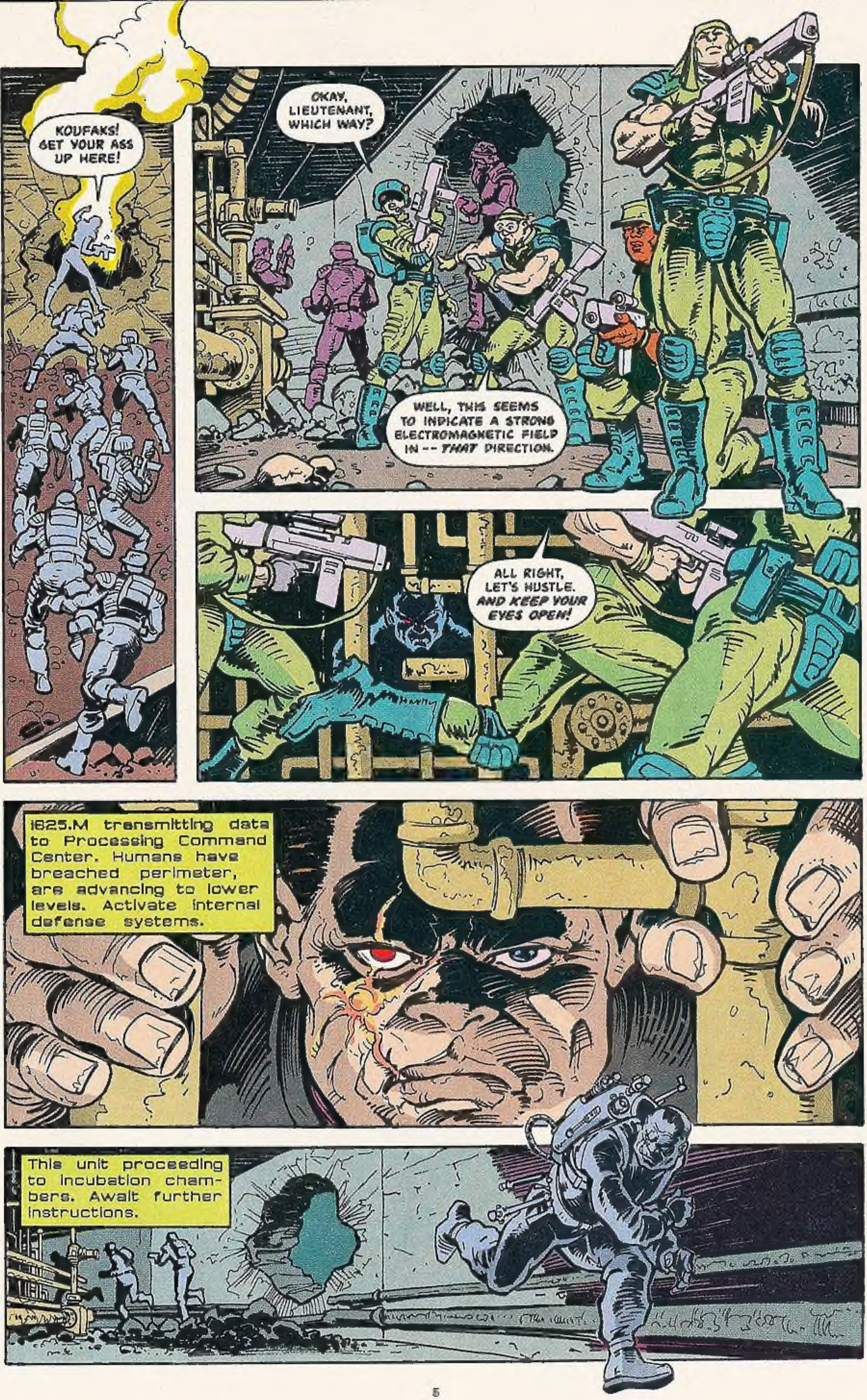
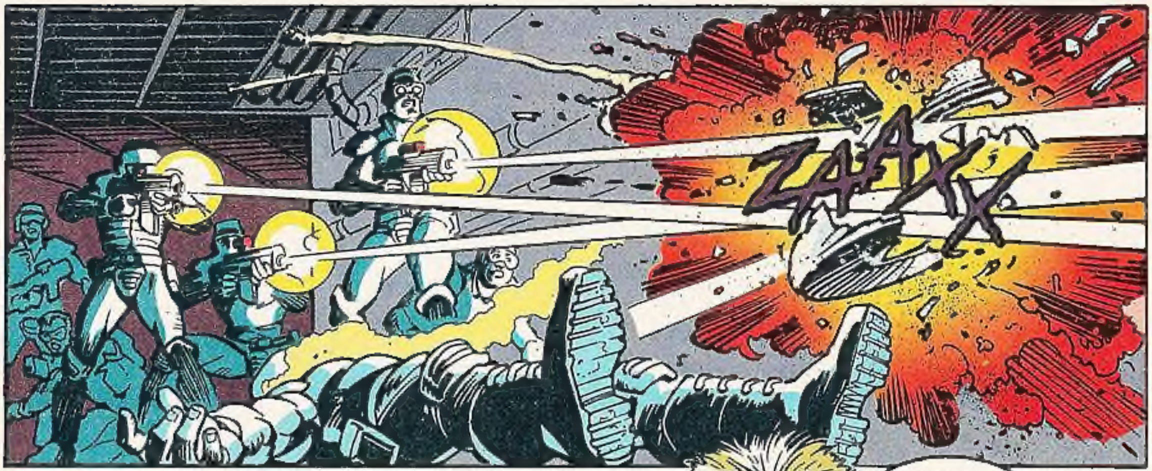

LOS ANGELES, 2029.
OVER TWO DECADES AGO, A WAR BEGAN THAT NEVER SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED. A WAR THAT PROMISED TO UNITE ALL MEN OF ALL NATIONS... IN DEATH. BUT TONIGHT, AFTER UNIMAGINABLE LOSSES, AGAINST UNBELIEVABLE ODDS, MANKIND IS ON THE BRINK OF RECLAIMING THE PLANET FROM HIS REBELLIOUS PROGENY.
THE MACHINE.
SAY, LUKENS, WASN'T IT YOU WHO TOLD ME THIS WAR WAS OVER-- NEARLY THREE MONTHS AGO?
WE KEEP SQUATTING HERE, IT'S NEVER GONNA END.
TAKE IT EASY, MAN. BE PATIENT. LET'S JUST WAIT FOR AN OPENING. THEN WE CAN MOVE.
YOU WANT AN OPENING?
I'LL GIVE YOU A FRIGGIN' OPENING!
NO!
SSHKOW!

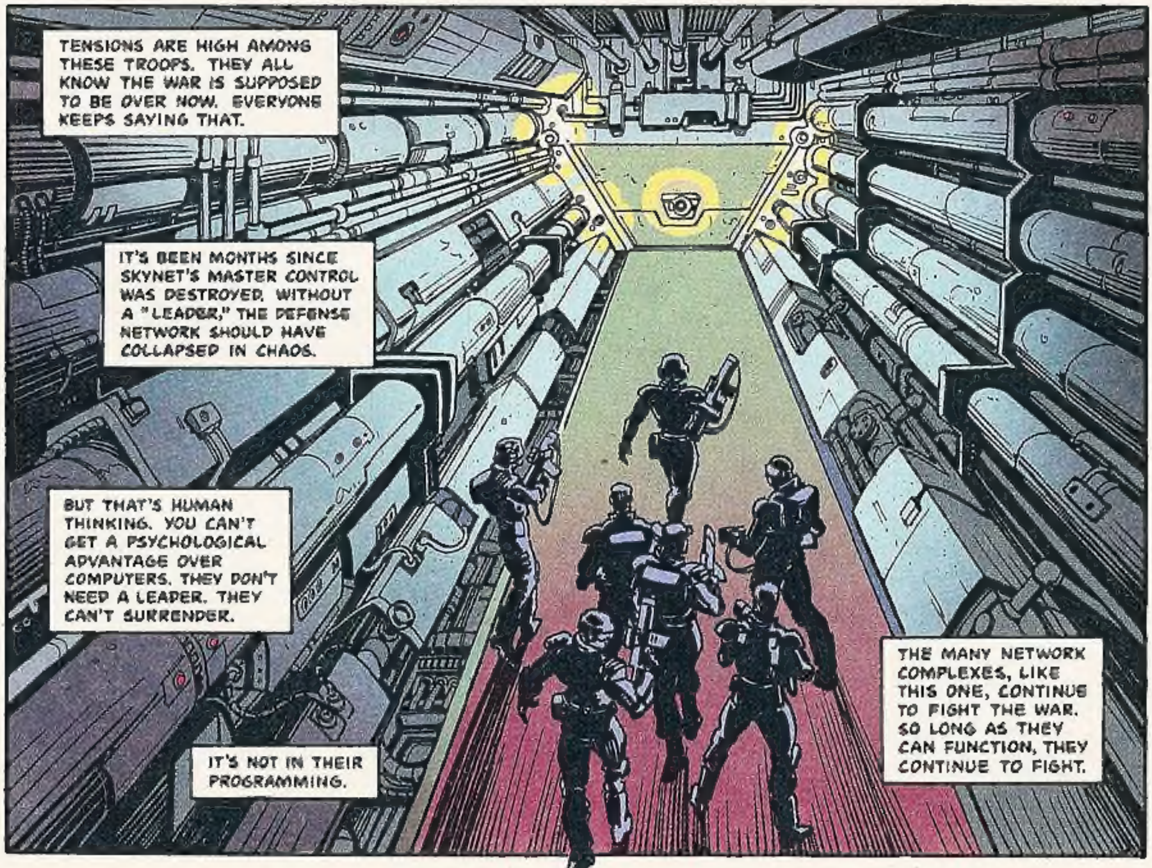

BRING UP THE MINI-JACK AND POD!
DOUBLE TIME, MEN, DOUBLE TIME! IF ANY H-K'S SHOW UP NOW, WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS.
TORTUROUS MINUTES TICK BY.
FOR GOD'S SAKE, SOLDIER, GET THE LEAD OUT! THE SUN WILL BE UP IN LESS THAN AN HOUR.
COLONEL, IF THESE THINGS WERE EASY TO SET UP, WE COULDA WASTED THAT TANK FROM A MILE AWAY.
EYES FRONT, WISE-ASS! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO.
SSHHWOOSH
WHATEVER YOU SAY, CAP'N, WHATEVER YOU SAY.
BOOM
NOW COMES THE HARD PART.

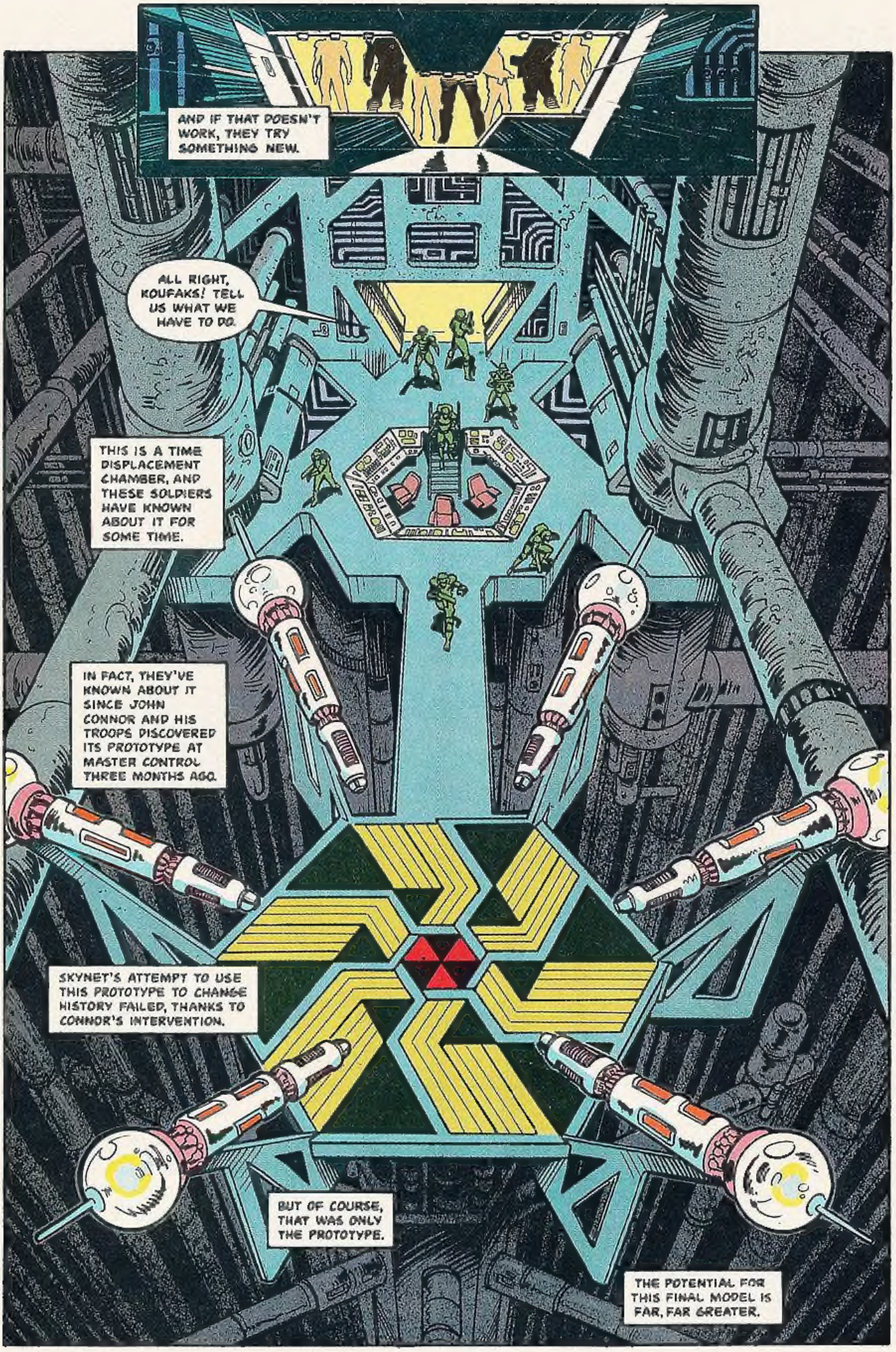

KOUFAKS! GET YOUR ASS UP HERE!
OKAY, LIEUTENANT, WHICH WAY?
WELL, THIS SEEMS TO INDICATE A STRONG ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD IN -- THAT DIRECTION.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S HUSTLE. AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!
1825.M transmitting data to Processing Command Center. Humans have breached perimeter, are advancing to lower levels. Activate internal defense systems.
This unit proceeding to incubation chambers. Await further instructions.

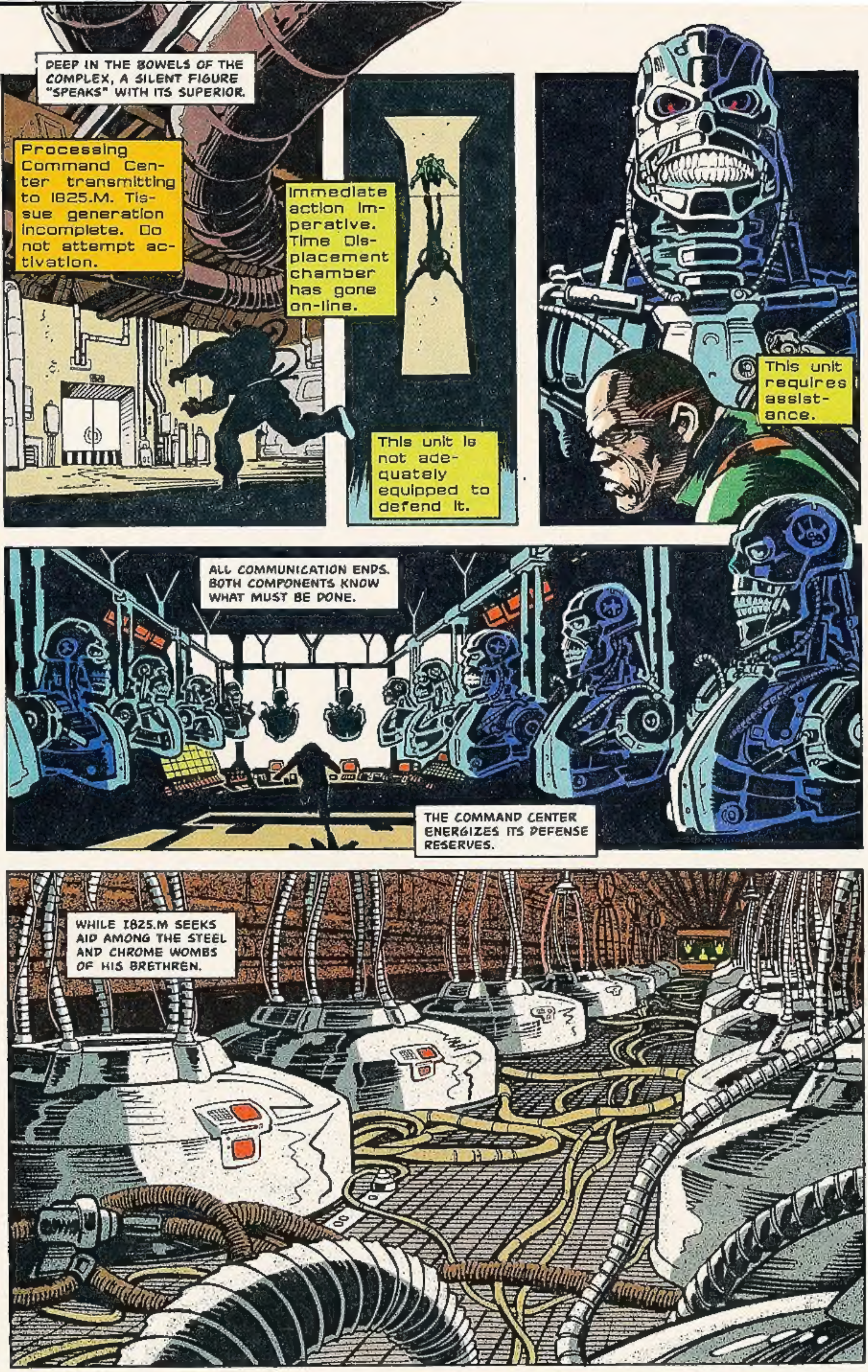
HONK
weeooo
VVT VVT
HOLD ON, I HEAR SOMETHING.
ALL RIGHT, YOU STAINLESS STEEL SON OF A BITCH!
EH?
BEEP BEEP
WHIR
Biddly Weeump
TWEOOP
HEH-HEH. LOOKIT THIS. TERMINATORS FORGOT TO PUT OUT THE DOG.
I DON'T THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
BZZZZ
CZZZAK
ACKKK


ZAAXX

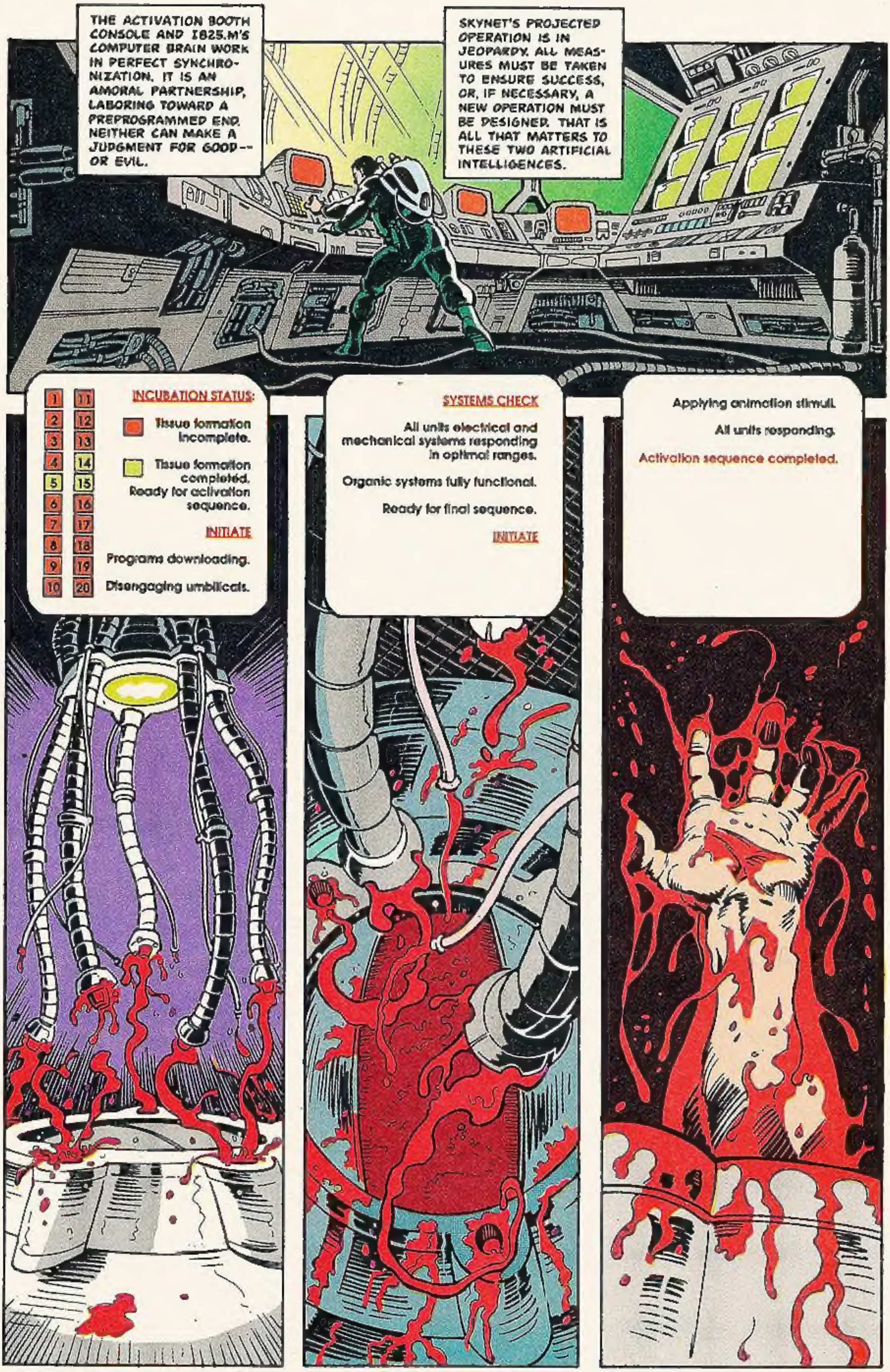
DAMMIT, KOUFAKS, YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THESE COMPLEXES THAN ANY OF US!
WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN US ABOUT CRAP LIKE THAT?
BUT, COLONEL, I TRIED TO WARN HIM! YOU HEARD ME--I TRIED!
TRY A LITTLE HARDER NEXT TIME, ASSHOLE.


TENSIONS ARE HIGH AMONG THESE TROOPS. THEY ALL KNOW THE WAR IS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER NOW. EVERYONE KEEPS SAYING THAT.
IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE SKYNET'S MASTER CONTROL WAS DESTROYED. WITHOUT A "LEADER," THE DEFENSE NETWORK SHOULD HAVE COLLAPSED IN CHAOS.
BUT THAT'S HUMAN THINKING. YOU CAN'T GET A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE OVER COMPUTERS. THEY DON'T NEED A LEADER. THEY CAN'T SURRENDER.
IT'S NOT IN THEIR PROGRAMMING.
THE MANY NETWORK COMPLEXES, LIKE THIS ONE, CONTINUE TO FIGHT THE WAR. SO LONG AS THEY CAN FUNCTION, THEY CONTINUE TO FIGHT.

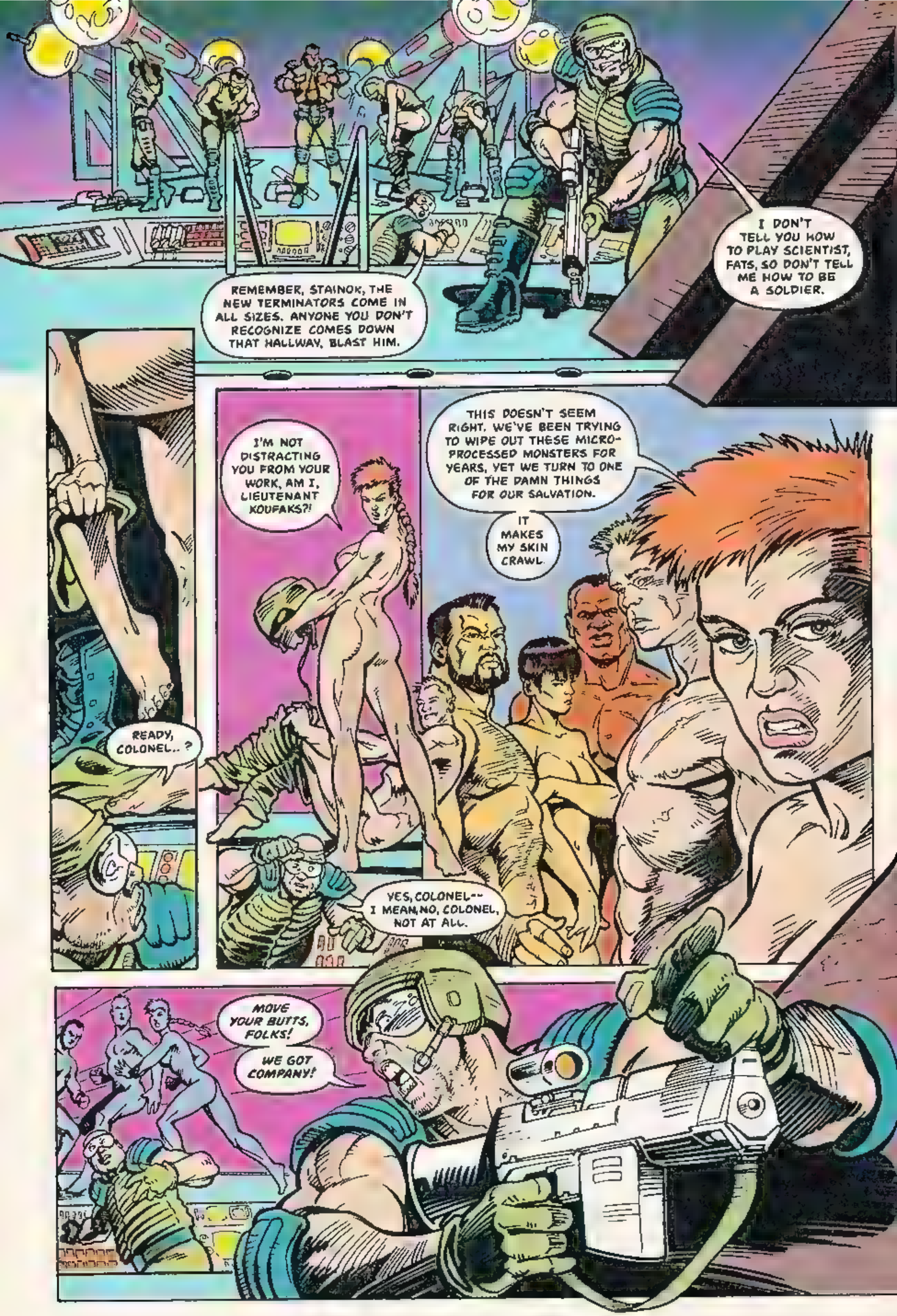

AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, THEY TRY SOMETHING NEW.
ALL RIGHT, KOUFAKS! TELL US WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.
THIS IS A TIME DISPLACEMENT CHAMBER, AND THESE SOLDIERS HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT FOR SOME TIME.
IN FACT, THEY'VE KNOWN ABOUT IT SINCE JOHN CONNOR AND HIS TROOPS DISCOVERED ITS PROTOTYPE AT MASTER CONTROL THREE MONTHS AGO.
SKYNET'S ATTEMPT TO USE THIS PROTOTYPE TO CHANGE HISTORY FAILED, THANKS TO CONNOR'S INTERVENTION.
BUT OF COURSE, THAT WAS ONLY THE PROTOTYPE.
THE POTENTIAL FOR THIS FINAL MODEL IS FAR, FAR GREATER.

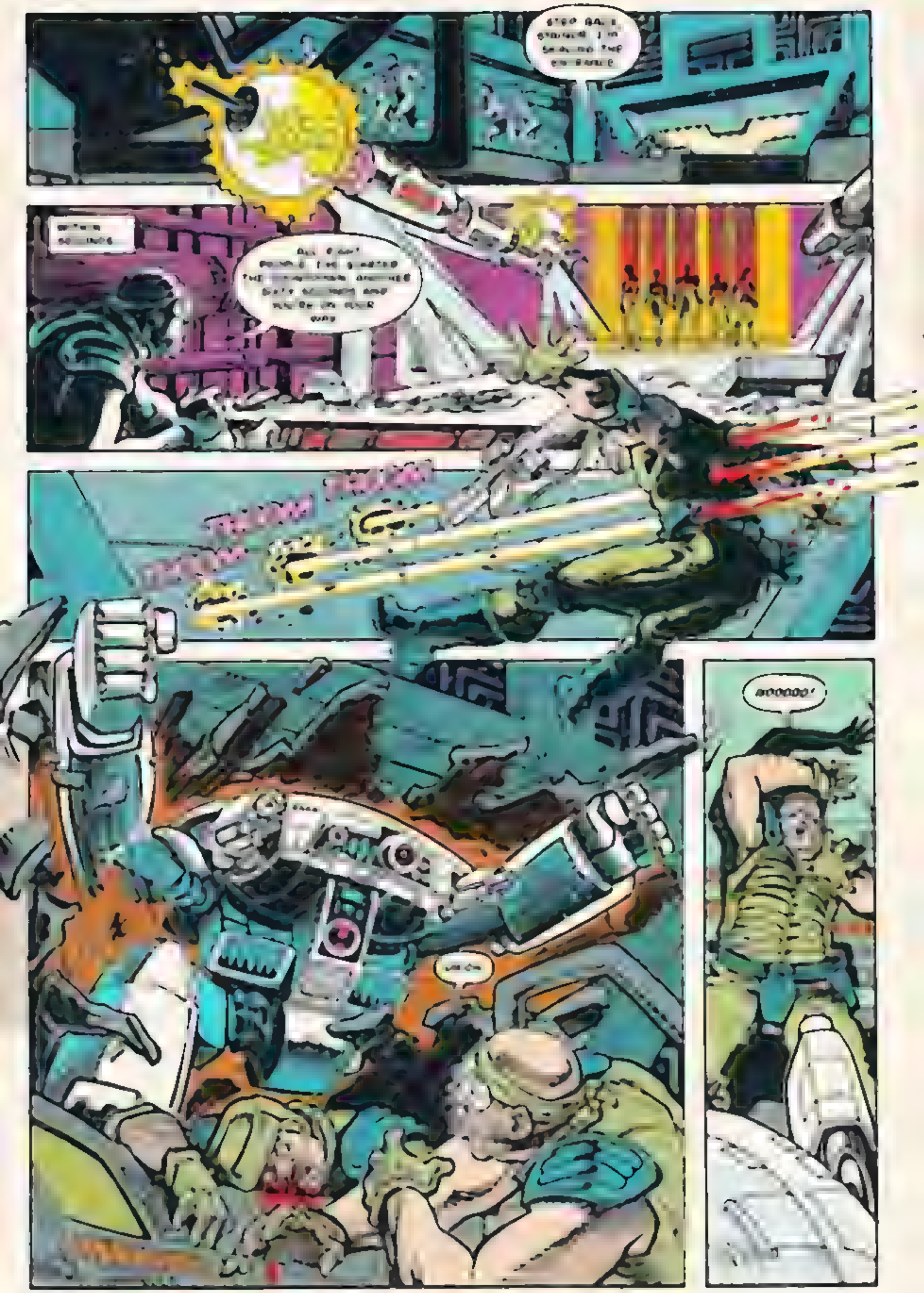


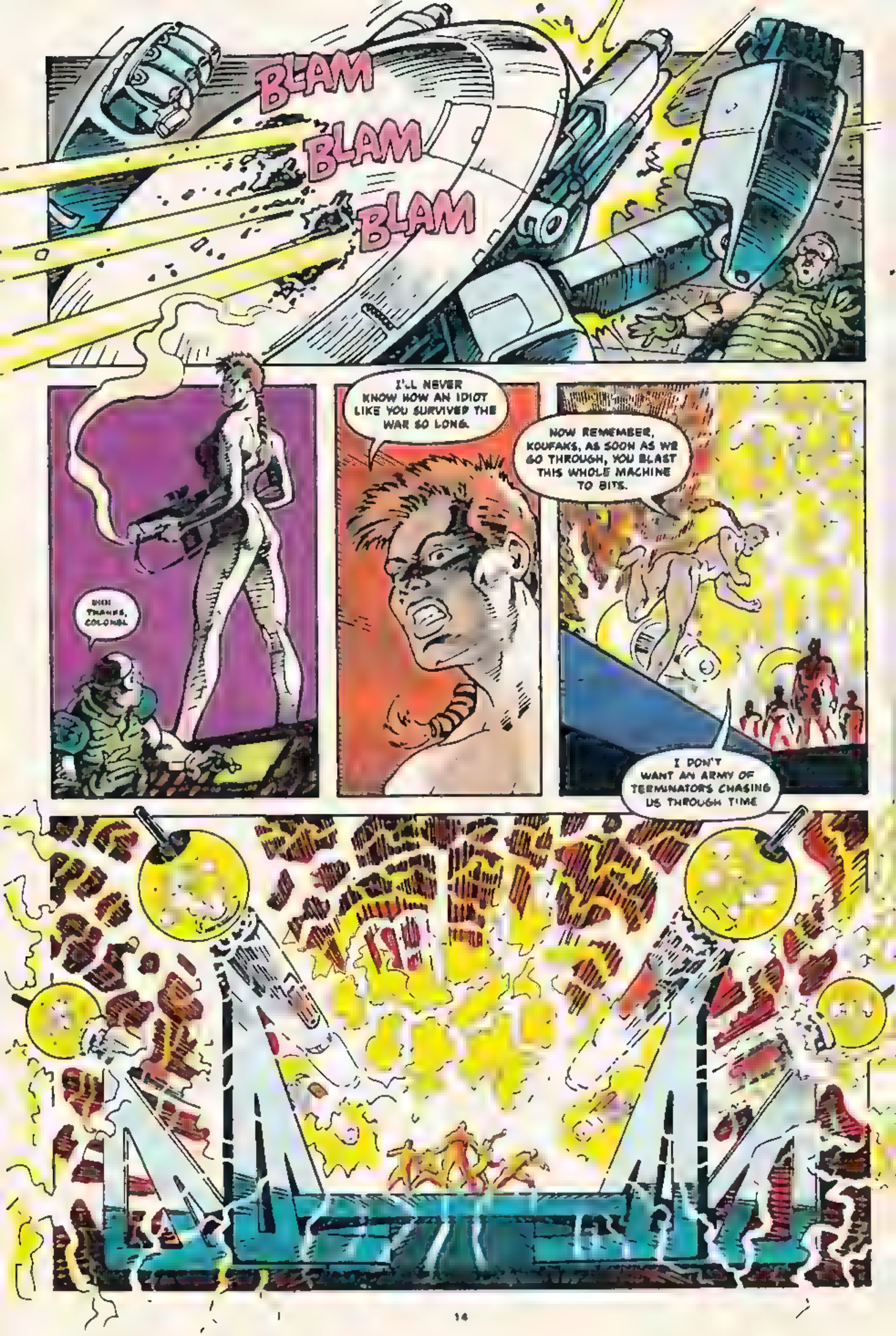
DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE COMPLEX, A SILENT FIGURE "SPEAKS" WITH ITS SUPERIOR.
Processing Command Center transmitting to 1825.M. Tissue generation incomplete. Do not attempt activation.
Immediate action imperative. Time Displacement chamber has gone on-line.
This unit is not adequately equipped to defend it.
This unit requires assistance.
ALL COMMUNICATION ENDS. BOTH COMPONENTS KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE.
THE COMMAND CENTER ENERGIZES ITS DEFENSE RESERVES.
WHILE 1825.M SEEKS AID AMONG THE STEEL AND CHROME WOMBS OF HIS BRETHREN.

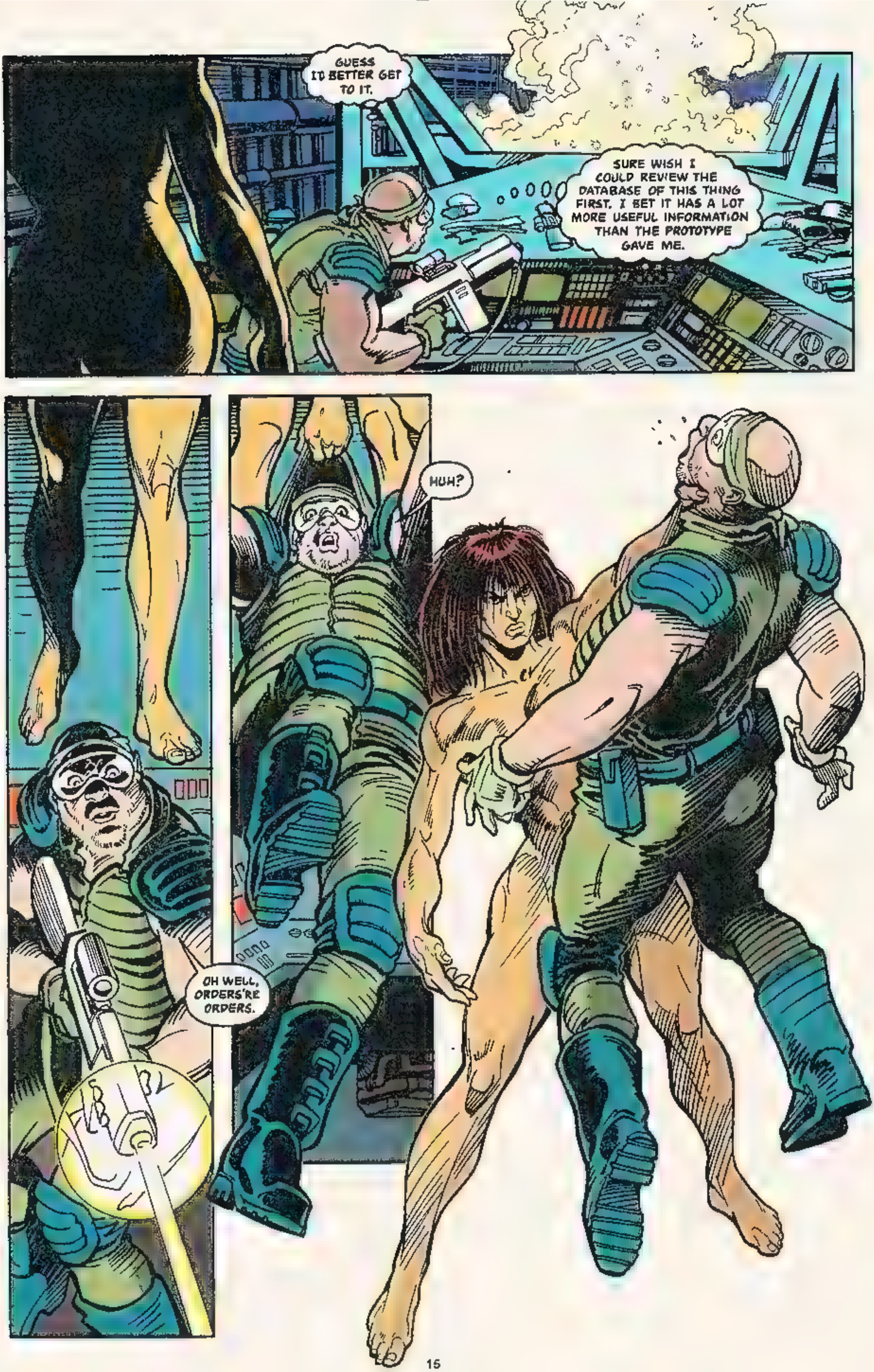

THE ACTIVATION BOOTH CONSOLE AND I825.M'S COMPUTER BRAIN WORK IN PERFECT SYNCHRONIZATION. IT IS AN AMORAL PARTNERSHIP, LABORING TOWARD A PREPROGRAMMED END. NEITHER CAN MAKE A JUDGMENT FOR GOOD-- OR EVIL.
SKYNET'S PROJECTED OPERATION IS IN JEOPARDY. ALL MEASURES MUST BE TAKEN TO ENSURE SUCCESS, OR, IF NECESSARY, A NEW OPERATION MUST BE DESIGNED. THAT IS ALL THAT MATTERS TO THESE TWO ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCES.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
INCUBATION STATUS:
Tissue formation incomplete.
Tissue formation completed. Ready for activation sequence.
INITIATE
Programs downloading.
Disengaging umbilicals.
SYSTEMS CHECK
All units electrical and mechanical systems responding in optimal ranges.
Organic systems fully functional.
Ready for final sequence.
INITIATE
Applying animation stimuli.
All units responding.
Activation sequence completed.

AN OBSCENE BROOD RISES
FROM THE INCUBATION
VATS, BORN OF A FORCED
BETWEEN FLESH
HAVE BEEN UTILIZED
THIS OFFENSIVE.
DEVELOPED TO
CARRY OUT SKYNET'S
STRATEGY


REMEMBER, STAINOK, THE NEW TERMINATORS COME IN ALL SIZES. ANYONE YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE COMES DOWN THAT HALLWAY, BLAST HIM.
I DON'T TELL YOU HOW TO PLAY SCIENTIST, FATS, SO DON'T TELL ME HOW TO BE A SOLDIER.
READY, COLONEL..?
I'M NOT DISTRACTING YOU FROM YOUR WORK, AM I, LIEUTENANT KOUFAKS?!
YES, COLONEL-- I MEAN, NO, COLONEL, NOT AT ALL.
THIS DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO WIPE OUT THESE MICRO-PROCESSED MONSTERS FOR YEARS, YET WE TURN TO ONE OF THE DAMN THINGS FOR OUR SALVATION.
IT MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL.
MOVE YOUR BUTTS, FOLKS!
WE GOT COMPANY!

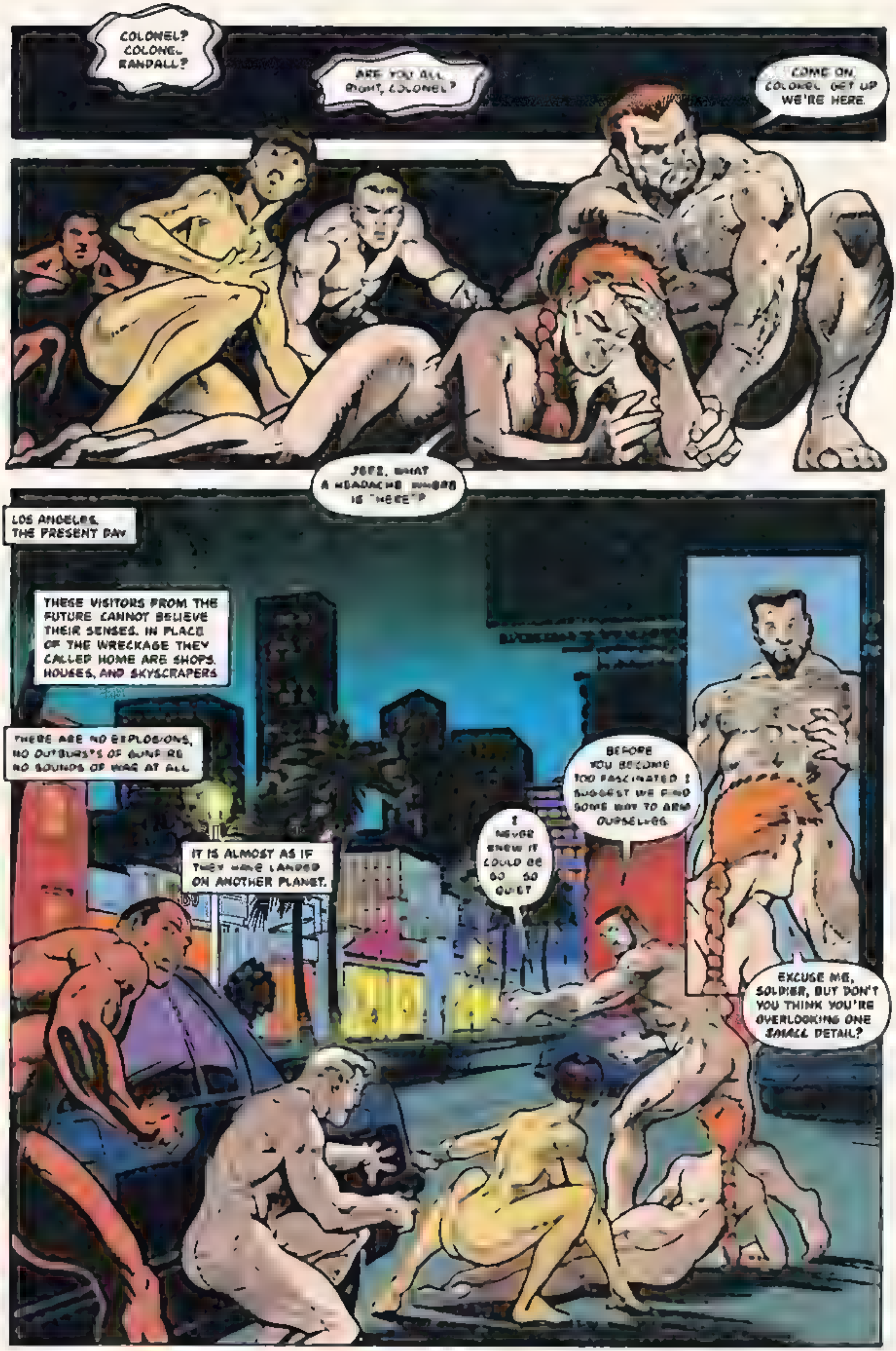



BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THANKS, COLONEL
I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW AN IDIOT LIKE YOU SURVIVED THE WAR SO LONG.
NOW REMEMBER, KOUFAKS, AS SOON AS WE GO THROUGH, YOU BLAST THIS WHOLE MACHINE TO BITS.
I DON'T WANT AN ARMY OF TERMINATORS CHASING US THROUGH TIME


GUESS I'D BETTER GET TO IT.
SURE WISH I COULD REVIEW THE DATABASE OF THIS THING FIRST. I BET IT HAS A LOT MORE USEFUL INFORMATION THAN THE PROTOTYPE GAVE ME.
OH WELL, ORDERS'RE ORDERS.
HUH?

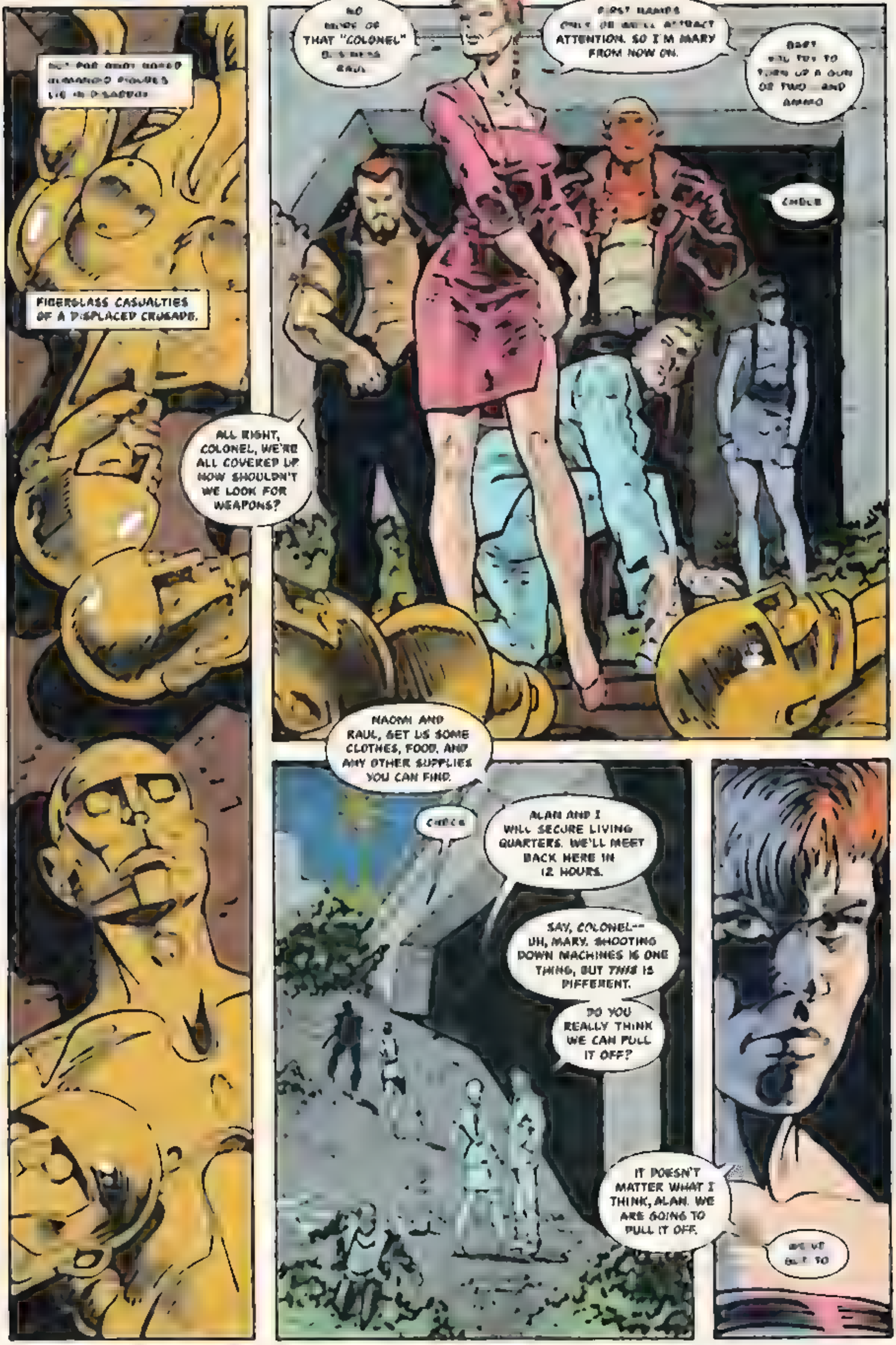
Handle the human gently, C850.D. We don't want to kill him.
Not yet.
Inspect the Time Displacement Equipment. Give me a full damage report.
Repairs will make the TDE functional, however, the date set at the time damage was sustained cannot be altered.
We will not be able to intercept humans.
Start repairs. I will interrogate the human.

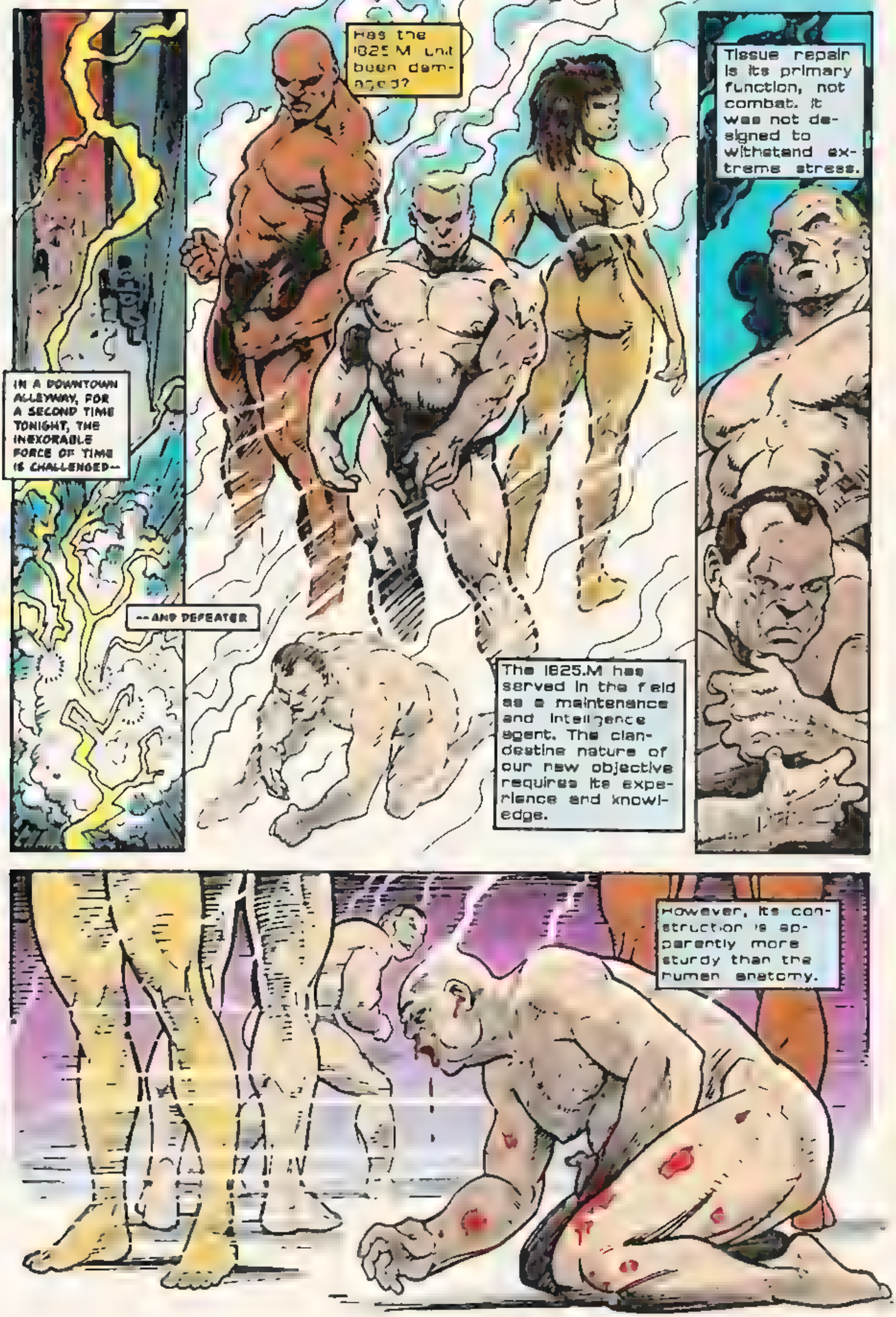
WHERE HAVE THE OTHER HUMANS GONE, AND WHAT IS THE NATURE OF THEIR MISSION?
COME A LITTLE CLOSER I'LL TELL YOU ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
EH?
YII EE!
CRA-ACK
I WILL NOT DECE VE YOU HUMAN. YOU ARE GOING TO DIE.
IT CAN BE FAST AND PAINLESS, OR I CAN PROCEED TO THE LARGER BONES.
ONCE AGAIN, WHERE HAVE THE OTHERS GONE?


COLONEL? COLONEL RANDALL?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, COLONEL?
COME ON, COLONEL. GET UP. WE'RE HERE.
JEEZ, WHAT A HEADACHE. WHERE IS "HERE"?
LOS ANGELES, THE PRESENT DAY
THESE VISITORS FROM THE FUTURE CANNOT BELIEVE THEIR SENSES. IN PLACE OF THE WRECKAGE THEY CALLED HOME ARE SHOPS, HOUSES, AND SKYSCRAPERS.
THERE ARE NO EXPLOSIONS, NO OUTBURSTS OF GUNFIRE, NO SOUNDS OF WAR AT ALL.
IT IS ALMOST AS IF THEY HAVE LANDED ON ANOTHER PLANET.
I NEVER KNEW IT COULD BE SO... SO QUIET.
BEFORE YOU BECOME TOO FASCINATED I SUGGEST WE FIND SOME WAY TO ARM OURSELVES.
EXCUSE ME, SOLDIER, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE OVERLOOKING ONE SMALL DETAIL?

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY.
YOU DON'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE THE SEVERITY OF OUR PROBLEMS, DR. HOLLISTER.
NEXT YEAR'S DEFENSE BUDGET CUTS ARE GOING TO MAKE MOST OF OUR HARDWARE OBSOLETE. WE'VE GOT TO DIVERSIFY, OR THE COMPANY WILL BE BANKRUPT IN NO TIME
I'M NOT SAYING WE SHOULD ABANDON ALL OUR MILITARY CONTRACTS.
PROJECT BELLEROPHON, FOR INSTANCE, HAS ENORMOUS POTENTIAL.
I SIMPLY DON'T THINK IT'S PRUDENT TO HAVE ALL OUR EGGS IN ONE BASKET
I GREATLY RESPECT YOUR TALENTS AS A SCIENTIST, DR. ASTIN, BUT WHAT SAY YOU LEAVE COMPANY POLICY TO ME, HMMM?
HMMPF! HIS COMPANY POLICY IS THE BIGGEST PROBLEM WE HAVE.
IF HE KEEPS LINING HIS POCKETS WITH THE CORPORATION'S PROFITS--
CYBERDYNE S·Y·S·T·E·M·S.
--I'M AFRAID THERE WON'T BE MUCH FUTURE FOR THIS COMPANY.

...AND IT SOUNDS LIKE SOME KINDA STUNT NO FURTHER UNITS REQUIRED. OVER AND OUT
PSYCHO
OKAY, MR. SIRIUS, LET'S RUN THROUGH THAT STORY ONE MORE TIME.
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU BEFORE YOU'LL BELIEVE ME?
FIVE TOTALLY NAKED PEOPLE JUST CAME CRASHING THROUGH THE DISPLAY WINDOWS AND MADE OFF WITH MY MANNEQUINS.
LOOK, IF YOU AREN'T GOING TO HELP ME, I'M GOING HOME, OKAY?
JUST ONE MORE THING, SIR.
YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
WHO DOES YOUR HAIR, PAL?


THAT "COLONEL"
ATTENTION. SO I'M MARY FROM NOW ON.
FIBERGLASS CASUALTIES OF A DISPLACED CRUSADE.
ALL RIGHT, COLONEL, WE'RE ALL COVERED UP. NOW SHOULDN'T WE LOOK FOR WEAPONS?
NAOMI AND RAUL, GET US SOME CLOTHES, FOOD, AND ANY OTHER SUPPLIES YOU CAN FIND.
ALAN AND I WILL SECURE LIVING QUARTERS. WE'LL MEET BACK HERE IN 12 HOURS.
SAY, COLONEL-- UH, MARY. SHOOTING DOWN MACHINES IS ONE THING, BUT *THIS* IS DIFFERENT.
DO YOU REALLY THINK WE CAN PULL IT OFF?
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I THINK, ALAN. WE ARE GOING TO PULL IT OFF.



IN A DOWNTOWN ALLEYWAY, FOR A SECOND TIME TONIGHT, THE INEXORABLE FORCE OF TIME IS CHALLENGED--
--AND DEFEATED!
Has the 1825.M unit been damaged?
Tissue repair is its primary function, not combat. It was not designed to withstand extreme stress.
The 1825.M has served in the field as a maintenance and intelligence agent. The clandestine nature of our new objective requires its experience and knowledge.
However, its construction is apparently more sturdy than the human anatomy.

UHHNG!
BUT LT. KOUFAKS HAS ALREADY UNDERGONE EXTREME STRESS, AS THE CAUTERIZED WOUND ON HIS TORSO SHOWS.
DOC-TOR HOL-LIS-TER. HOL-LIS-TER.
YES, COL-ONEL. HE'S-THE-ONE. HOL-LISTER.
We must seek clothing at once --
-- after the side-arm is re-trieved.
UHH-AHH-YAAARRGH!

LIEUTENANT KOUFAKS HAD SERVED RECON/SECURITY FOR THREE YEARS UNDER JOHN CONNOR.
IT WAS KOUFAKS WHO UNCOVERED THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUGE TIME DISPLACEMENT CHAMBER.
HIS HARD WORK PREVENTED SKYNET FROM TRANSPORTING ITS CYBORG ARMY THROUGH TIME, AND GAVE MAN NEW HOPE.
BUT THE WAR, FOR L EUTENANT KOUFAKS, IS *OVER*.
FOR 1990'S LOS ANGELES, THE WAR HAS JUST *BEGUN*.

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A TERMINAL CASE

You know, I wasn't always the enormously successful, critically acclaimed, loved-by-millions comics creator I am today. It's been a long and torturous climb. In fact, as recently as 1989 I had a full-time job, and only had time to write after work and on weekends. As you might imagine, this added up to an overlong work week. Therefore, my vacations were pretty special to me. Winter vacations were particularly relaxing Most peop e visit their fo.ks during the winter holidays; at least, that's what I do, so it came as quite a surprise to pick up my dad's telephone on the day before Thanksgiving and hear Chris Warner's voice. While I was wondering how the hell he'd gotten *that* number, he was trying to tell me that Dark Horse wanted me to write a *Terminator* book for them. He was going to pencil it, he said, and pointed out that it could prove to be a lucrative venture for me as well. I had always wanted to work with Chris, who is a great talent, and one can never sneeze at money either, but these things didn't occur to me at the time. All I kept thinking was, "Hey, man, I'm on vacation. Don't bug me!" I didn't say anything like that, but that's what I was thinking.

Chris explained that [Dark Horse Publisher] Mike Richardson would call me later in the day to discuss particulars. "Well, okay, but what's the big hurry?" I wanted to know. He said that we had to get cracking. Dark Horse wanted to announce this mini-series ASAP. "Great," I thought as I hung up, "they'll probably want me to start writing this book while I'm still on vacation."

They did.

The rush to get Chris working on the book was so great that they asked me to write the first issue plot-first -- that is, to write up a page-by-page synopsis of what happens in the book, give it to Chris, and write the dialogue to match the artwork afterwards. I really don't like doing this. There are illustrator/writer teams who work great this way. In fact, I've done a few nice stories this way myself, but sometimes this method just isn't the right one. If you have many specifics in mind, you have to let the illustrator in on them. You have to make notes hinting at the sort of dialogue and captions you want on each page, so that the artist knows how much space to leave in the panel for balloons. These notes also serve as reminders to yourself when you get the art back and have to write the dialogue. All this often makes the plot as long as a full script , and it can confuse the whole story.

As if that weren't bad enough, the second issue was due before I saw the art for the first issue. I was to do a full script for the second issue, which I usually prefer, but as I had not yet written the dialogue or any text for the first issue, I think I would rather have written the second issue plot-first as well. Confused? Let me explain. I had to be very careful about the dialogue I was writing for the second issue so as not to conflict with any text I had planned to write for the *first* issue, but I'd made only passing references to the latter in the notes of my plot. Still confused? Imagine how *I* felt.

After I'd finished the second issue, I started getting pages from the first issue, and I saw that I had repeated myself on several pages. Worse yet, I found that I had completely ignored important story elements. When plotting the first issue, I had probably planned to cover these elements in the *second* issue. Then, as I was scripting the second issue, I probably falsely remembered having covered these elements in the *first* issue. I'll tell you, folks, writing comics is not as easy as it looks -- especially when you start pulling high jinks like this.

Before you ask yourself, " Why *did* I buy this comic?" let me assure you that I went over both scripts and ironed out all the bugs. Well, *most* of the bugs. Certainly the *big* ones, anyway. I hope.

All kidding aside, I hope you enjoy this book. In spite of all I've said, I'm glad I got this chance to work with Chris -- and on a series which promises to be very interesting indeed. But that's not for me to say. That's your job.

-- John Arcudi

John's absolutely right -- that is your job, and we're both waiting to hear what you have to say about this issue Address your letters to:

Terminal Cases
c/o Dark Horse Comics
2008 SE Monroe Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

You've all heard it before, but it's true: feedback from our readers is important -- and, besides, we need something to fill up space on these last few pages!

Next month: It's all-out war in Los Angeles. Fer shure!

-- Diana Schutz

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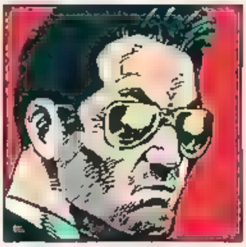
#2: *Concrete* by Paul Chadwick, *Mindwalk* by Randy Stradley and Randy Emberlin, *Hellwalk, Inc.* by J.M. DeMatteis and Mark Badger.



#3: *Mindwalk* by Stradley and Emberlin, *Concrete* by Paul Chadwick, *Black Cross* by Chris Warner, and more.

#4: *Trekker* by Ron Randall, *Mindwalk* by Stradley and Emberlin, *Concrete* by Chadwick, and more.

#5: *Roma* by John Workman, *Concrete* by Chadwick, *Trekker* by Ron Randall, and more.

#11: *Forgotten* by Ross Evan West and Carel Moiseiwitsch, *Dinosaur Tales* by Mark A. Nelson, *Masque* by Badger, *Roma* by Workman.

#12: *The Portheus Project* by Mark A. Nelson, *Concrete* by Chadwick, *Masque* by Badger.

#13: *Babes N' Arms* by Jon Lee, Michael Ebert, and Robert Caracol, *Captain Crusader* by Gary Martin, *Masque* by Badger.

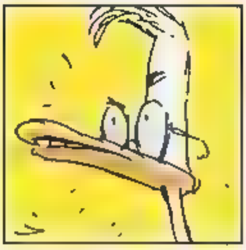
#15: *Babes N' Arms* by Randy Stradley and Michael Ebert, *Captain Crusader* by Martin, *Masque* by Badger.

#21: *Trekker* by Ron Randall, *Celia and Delia* by Gary Davis, *Masque* by Mark Badger.

#22: *Reflections* by Andrew Murphy, *Police Beat* by Rick Geary, *Duckman* by Everett Peck, *Trekker* by Randall and Dave Dorman, plus *Concrete*.

#23: *Race of Scorpions* by Leo Durañona, *Filipino Massacre* by William Stout, *Gateway to Hell* by John Arcudi, Gary Barker, and John Nyberg, plus more

#25: *Twilight of Langdarro* by Gary Davis, *Race of Scorpions* by Durañona, *Homicide* by Arcudi and Doug Mahnke.



#29: *Pressed for Time* by Andrew Murphy, *Homicide* by Arcudi and Mahnke, *Bob the Alien* by Rice, *Duckman* by Everett Peck.

#30: *Project: Overkill* by Eric Luke and Phill Norwood, *Race of Scorpions* by Leo Durañona, *Bob the Alien* by Rice.

#31: *Zone* by Michael Kraiger, *Race of Scorpions* by Durañona, *Bob the Alien* by Rice, *Duckman* by Everett Peck.

#32: ***64 pg. annual!*** Featuring *Concrete, Zone, The American, Bacchus, Race of Scorpions, Bob the Alien, Delia and Celia,* and *Wacky Squirrel.*

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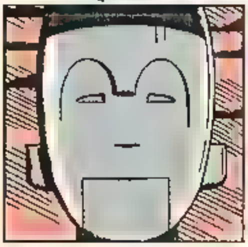

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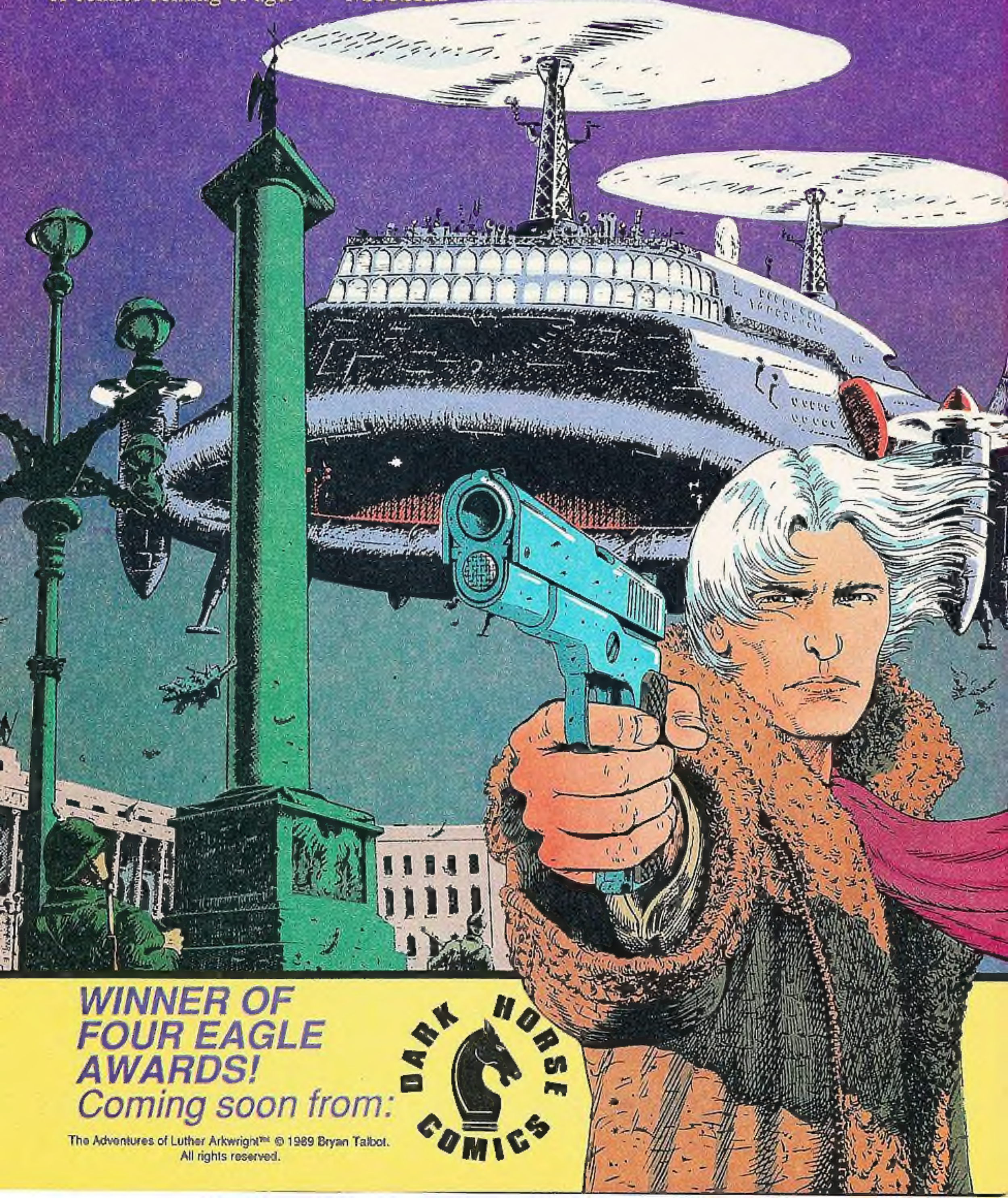

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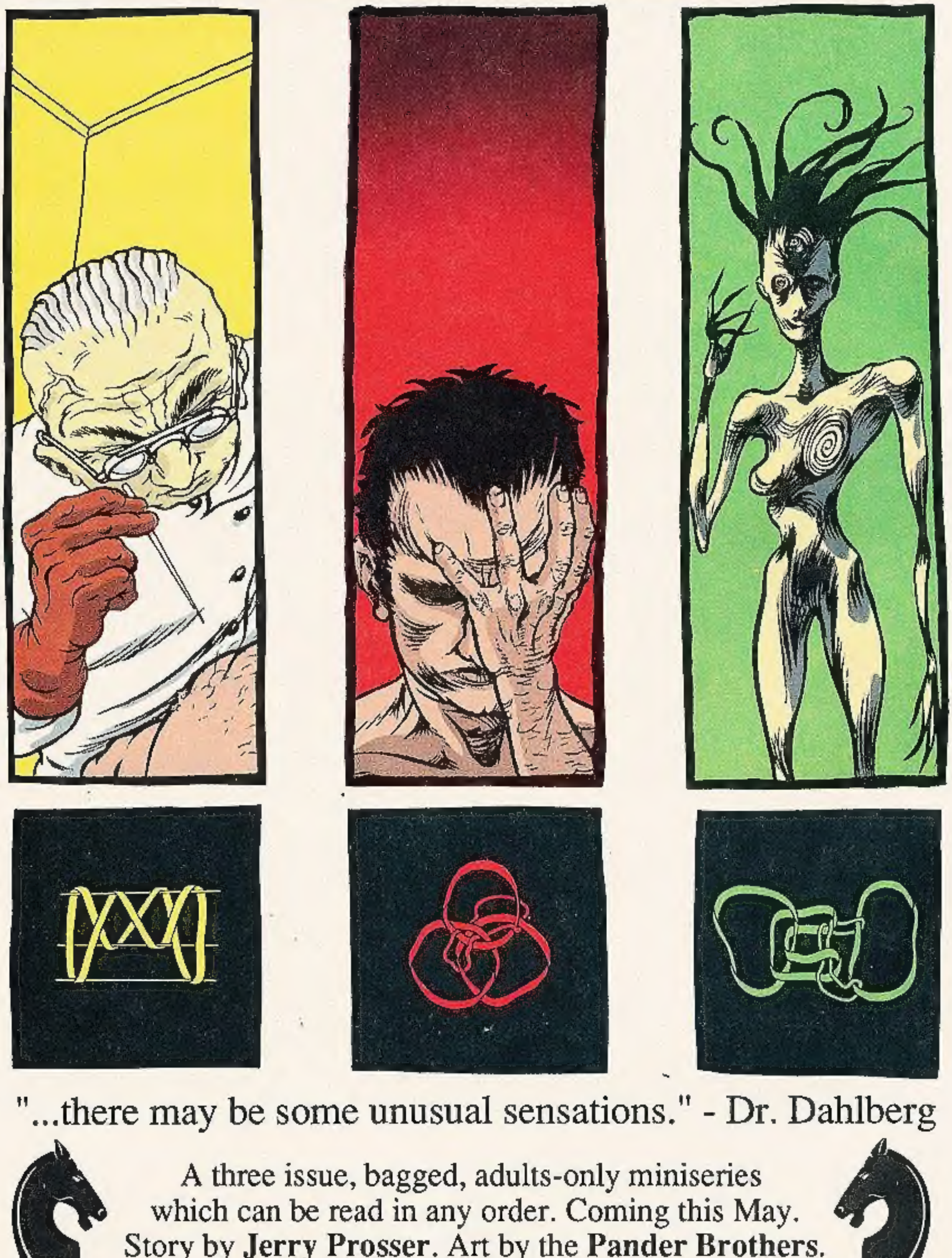

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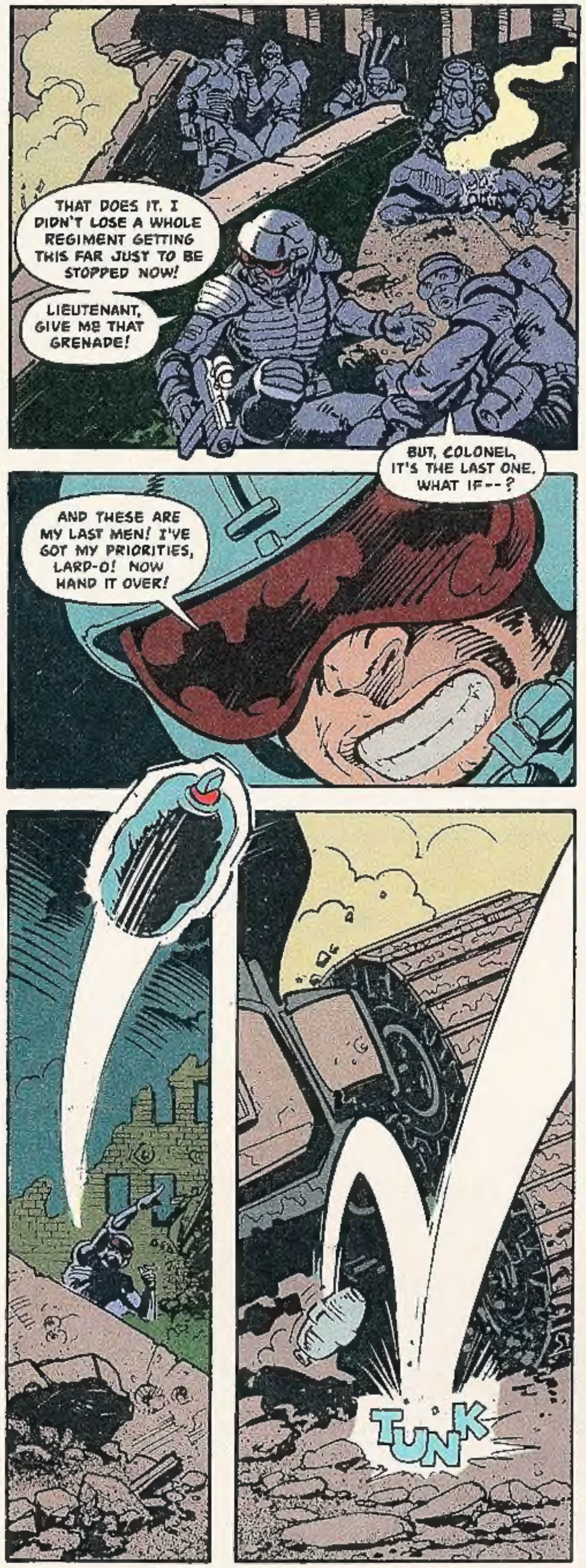
THAT DOES IT. I DIDN'T LOSE A WHOLE REGIMENT GETTING THIS FAR JUST TO BE STOPPED NOW!
LIEUTENANT, GIVE ME THAT GRENADE!
BUT, COLONEL, IT'S THE LAST ONE. WHAT IF--?
AND THESE ARE MY LAST MEN! I'VE GOT MY PRIORITIES, LARP-O! NOW HAND IT OVER!
TUNK

KRA-
KA-BOOM